

The Typhoon

A Story of Japan

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Wendell had been in Japan a week when he decided to leave Nagasaki and make his headquarters in a tiny fishing village.

The motive came upon Ray Wendell the very day he decided to leave Nagasaki.

It came in the shape of a typhoon. Toward noon there was a cloud before the sun.

Everything portable was fastened as tightly as possible, and then all one could do was to pray for deliverance from the whirlwind.

Even the foreign population living in the substantially built hotels and large private residences recognized the signs of approaching storm.

A yellow light seemed to brood over the city. Birds flew restlessly among the trees and shrubs in the gardens, and mothers gathered their little ones into the house.

In the bazaars the boxlike counters were quickly telescoped, the stock in trade vanished as magically and only the swaying signboards and paper lanterns were left to rustle warning.

Wendell, walking toward the ticket office to see about reservations for his journey to the fishing village of his dreams, paused for a moment and looked down the street to the very end, where the busy thoroughfare became a jutting wharf—a choppy yellow gray sea, not a sail in sight and the shipping in the harbor rocking uneasily.

All at once the typhoon came screaming down the wind like a thousand furies let loose.

Frail roofs were lifted like paper and sailed through the air like huge kites.

Wendell gasped for breath and clung to a pole. His hat vanished and became one of other myriad flying objects. Furniture, clothing, uprooted trees, signboards, flew past at dizzying speed. People struggling against the wind turned and went with it, many to destruction.

Wendell, pausing at a corner, turned it to get away from that dizzy glimpse of the sea. He lost all sense of location.

Dogs dodged under his feet. Paper umbrellas, whose owners had neglected to fasten them, were torn to shreds and went swirling through the air like huge paper kites. Signboards danced and clattered overhead.

There were shrill screams as women fled toward their frail homes. Clogs clattered on the pavements and there were tinkling crashes of porcelain as shop windows blew in and devastated the stock of some luckless merchant.

Amid the eerie ringing of temple bells sounded the hoarse notes of warning whistles in the harbor. The cries of flying Jirikisha runners were lost in the pandemonium of sound.

Wendell wondered what he should do. He could not find his way back to the hotel, yet he must find some place of refuge and find it very soon.

When the blighting wind had passed over the city there might follow its aftermath—the tidal wave. Very likely the shops in the harbor were preparing to meet the shoreward thrust of the mighty waters.

Wendell tried to hail a rikisha man. He might get back to the hotel. But every vehicle was filled and his call was unnoticed. He addressed one or two fleeing passersby. He offered money to be guided to the hotel. But his offers were ignored. The wind tore the words from his lips, and no matter which way he turned he met absorbed, fear set faces or fleeing blue cotton basks.

"I will go with the wind," he muttered savagely, and with this resolve in mind he swung around the next corner and with the wind at his back felt himself impelled with great velocity. The street he was now on was free from shops and he could see glimpses of red tiled roofs among the cryptomarias in the gardens. Here the wind was tearing tiles from the roofs and fashing the trees to destruction.

Wendell saw a group of Japanese scudding down the street to some safety they had in mind. The street sloped sharply downward. Suddenly something flashed past the young American and he heard a girl's frightened cry.

It was a Jirikisha, with no sign of attendants, rolling wildly down the street. In the slight two wheeled vehicle sat a girl, gowned in white, with ruddy brown hair blowing back from her face—a white, staring face. She thrust out appealing hands to Wendell, and then the Jirikisha had bowed her down the steep incline.

In an instant Wendell was after it. The wind that propelled the flying vehicle speeding his going. He had not dreamed that he could speed so swiftly, his feet barely touching the ground.

Strange things flew past him—lighter objects—and he feared for the girl's safety.

It was growing darker now, and there was an ominous hush.

The wind seemed to pause in its blowing as if catching breath for greater effort.

In that momentary stillness Wendell reached the flying Jirikisha and, passing it, caught up one of the poles of its shafts.

"It's all right now!" he called back

encouragement to the white form in the car.

He did not catch her reply. Some words left her lips, but were lost in the sudden scream of the storm. The whole world suddenly became an uproar of wind and the lash of waves from the sea. Amid that cataclysm of sound the man and the girl and the Jirikisha tore down the hill. Wendell, between the poles of the light vehicle, wondered where the insane journey would end.

His question was quickly answered. Without warning they crashed into a hedge of some sweet smelling shrub. Wendell received the full force of the blow as he was propelled through the shrubbery on to what was apparently the lawn of a gentleman's place.

The Jirikisha stuck in the hedge. "I am all right," quavered the girl's voice out of another momentary cessation of sound.

"Good!" muttered Wendell, reaching over and lifting her from the vehicle. "Perhaps we can find shelter in the house."

They stumbled down a path and into a portico, where they paused to take breath. Wendell flashed a tiny electric light and disclosed the doorway to a temple. The large cedar doors were closed, but a smaller door, further along the portico admitted them to the hush of a small temple.

Incense was drifting lazily from bronze koro on the votive tables. A large statue of Buddha loomed in the background. There was the sickly scent of dying blossoms. Somewhere up in the roof a deep throated bronze bell boomed solemnly as the wind swayed it to and fro.

"Are we safe here?" asked the girl, clinging tightly to Wendell's arm.

"As safe as anywhere in Nagasaki just now," he replied. "Sit down here and if you do not like to look at the image face the doorway."

He drew a number of clean white mats from the floor and piled them beside one of the pillars of the temple.

"Oh, I like the face of the Buddha," she hastened to say. "It is so calm and peaceful—after the storm!" She broke down and began to sob softly.

Wendell turned and went softly away. Left to herself, he argued, she would quickly recover her poise.

Within the thick walled temple one heard vague rumblings of the storm. Wendell moved slowly among the various smaller shrines and marveled at the singular absence of the priests. He decided that they had sought refuge in some safer place, perhaps some larger temple near by.

The votive table was laden with offerings of flowers, rice and wine. On the steps of the shrine was a small black lacquered box. Wendell picked it up and found it to be one of those tiny portable stoves which the Japanese are fond of using. Inside was a small brazier of glowing charcoal, and in one of the drawers were tea cups and tea, and in the other compartment were tiny rice cakes. Some priest had dropped his tea equipage in his hurried flight.

Wendell blew the coals into flame, put on a tiny copper water kettle and presently made tea in the Japanese fashion in the small porcelain bowls. These he carried to the girl.

She was sitting up now, and he could see her face quite clearly. She was very lovely with wide gray eyes and sweet mouth.

"Tea?" she asked incredulously. He nodded. "And rice cakes, too, if you want them," he said. "You will feel better afterward."

They sat together on the mats and drank the tea and ate the priest's rice cakes. When they had finished Wendell dropped a handful of coins in the box and returned it to the place where he had found it.

Listening, he decided that the storm had abated in a measure and, going to the door, thrust his head out into the portico. The world was bathed in a glory of golden sunshine.

"Come," he called to his companion. "I think we may go now."

She joined him and cried aloud at the transformation. The temple garden was in ruins. Along the roadside people were hastening to their deserted homes. The road was muddy.

As Wendell helped Alice Lovell up the hill toward the storm beaten city, he felt that something new had come into his life with the typhoon. Love had come riding on the crest of the storm. It had passed him for an instant, but he had caught it. He laughed exultantly and the girl turned, and their eyes met in a long glance.

When she turned her eyes away her face was rosy, but it was not the sunset's glow. It was rather the fair morning sunshine of love.

He went with her to the hotel, where her friends were frantically searching for her. His meeting them and listening to their thanks for his timely rescue was like a dream. The only real thing was the girl and himself.

As he said goodby in the hotel garden, he looked down into her dark blue eyes.

"You are going to be here awhile?" he asked.

"A month," she answered.

"And I may come and see you?"

"Ah, I hope you will!" she cried impulsively, and then she blushed once more.

That is the reason why Ray Wendell decided not to leave Nagasaki.

On their wedding trip, a year later, they came to Nippon, and a priest served them with tea in the temple garden. And he told them a strange tale of the day of the great typhoon, when the storm gods took the tea and cakes from his cabinet and replaced them with many yen. And of course Wendell filled the little drawer with copper coins once more, telling his wife:

"In memory of the day when I met you, dear."

DECLINED TO PERMIT A SQUADRON TO DEFEND AMERICANS.

At Tampico there was a general movement of attack by the Mexicans on Americans and other foreigners. We had a squadron of American warships in the neighborhood. The Wilson Administration declined to permit this squadron to be used to defend the lives of American men and the honor of American women, and the commanders of the German and English ships at Tampico had to step in and perform the task our representatives had so basely abandoned. At the very time that the Mexican mob had surrounded the building in which the Americans had taken refuge, and was howling for their blood, the American fleet, in spite of the protests of the American naval commander, and in accordance with wireless orders from Washington, was forced to steam out of the harbor and leave the Americans to be massacred by the Mexicans, or rescued by the Germans and English.—From the speech of Col. Theodore Roosevelt, delivered at Lewiston, Maine, in behalf of Charles E. Hughes.

Political Jottings

If plans "to get Villa" are abandoned Villa should reciprocate and refrain from organizing expeditions "to get" American citizens.

The fact that Mr. Wilson could endorse this Pork Congress shows that he isn't senile, anyway.

Mr. Pinchot also seems of the opinion that God Hates a Quitter.

The man who quotes the Baltimore platform is regarded as a political archeologist.

"He kept the country out of war," but he robbed it of its peace.

Up in Maine they are now rhyming Hughes with Moose. And there is reason as well as rhyme connecting the two words.

"Victory," Mr. Fairbanks told Oklahoma Republicans, "surely will perch on our banner." But Champ Clark tied it up in a nester and more compact bundle when he said: "They licked hell out of us."

Members of President Wilson's cabinet are ready to do anything to reject their chief, except resign.

Writes a former Princeton man: "At first we called him 'W. W.'; then we made it 'L. W. W.'"

That one term plank in the Democratic platform of 1912—it is more than likely to hold, after all.

When President Wilson called upon the Mexican commissioners at New London he revived old precedents, but did he wave the Stars and Stripes?

A man in Washington has made a bust of the President, thus anticipating Mr. Hughes by several weeks.

Discussing the Indorsement by the Democratic convention of Texas of Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy, the Houston Post (Dem.) flatly declares: "It is not believed anything like a majority of the people of Texas indorse our Mexican policy, and those in a position to know seriously doubt that the platform adopted expressed the real sentiments of the convention itself."

The Omaha Bee couples woeful waste with watchful waiting as a Democratic failing.

Boiled down, the best that has been said of President Wilson's Mexican policy was that he had good intentions. We've often heard of a road paved with this kind of material.

The President is deceived if he believes that the history he has written is not more praiseworthy than that which he has made.

President Wilson signed the Philippine bill as moving picture cameras clicked. There is one man who is not afraid to have his mistakes recorded!

WILSON CONSISTENT ONLY IN HIS VACILLATION.

As it is with "war," so it is with "intervention." President Wilson has again and again said he would not "intervene" in Mexico. As a matter of fact he has intervened continuously . . . but as he never followed any policy of either intervention or nonintervention with any resolution—always yielding at the critical moment to some bandit chief of whom he became fearful—both his spasms of intervention and his spasms of nonintervention have alike been entirely futile.—From the speech of Col. Theodore Roosevelt, delivered at Lewiston, Maine, in behalf of Charles E. Hughes.

THE PERIL OF THE DRY COUNTY—HOME RULE IS RUM RULE

"VOTE NO" NOVEMBER 7 AND THEREBY MAKE THE STATE OF MICHIGAN DRY.

DEFEAT "HOME RULE" IDEA

The Purpose of the Michigan Home Rule League is to Defeat Prohibition.

"Vote Yes on the dry statewide amendment, and be sure to VOTE NO on the wet so-called home rule amendment." This is the word which from now till November 7 will go out from the state headquarters of the Michigan Dry Campaign committee at Lansing. The committee has issued the following official statement:

An organization of liquor dealers and their friends, who call themselves the "Michigan Home Rule League," is trying to fill the Michigan political air with the dust of misrepresentation.

This league, however, says in one of its leaflets, "The purpose of the Michigan Home Rule League is to defeat statewide prohibition." Many of the men who are announced as officers have been or are now connected, directly or indirectly, with the liquor business.

The "home rule" amendment to the constitution, providing for local option by cities, villages, or townships, is NOT A DRY MEASURE and should be ardently fought by every friend of the anti-saloon movement. If Michigan goes dry the small unit amendment will be utterly useless. MAKE MICHIGAN DRY.

This amendment is thrown into the statewide campaign only to confuse the issue and to give wets in dry counties something to rouse their listless interest on the prohibition side. The fact that it is backed up by the liquor forces is sufficient to show its true meaning.

The small unit measure is always proposed by the minority party. The anti-saloon forces now have the upper hand in Michigan. Let them turn out and defeat this "home rule" idea. Let nobody be fooled into believing in or working for this amendment.

"Taxation without representation" is the unpardonable crime committed by this proposition. If Jackson county went dry while the city of Jackson remained wet, the county element which opposed saloons would be heavily taxed to pay the public costs which saloons always impose upon the people. Every arrest for drunkenness, with the subsequent expenses of trial and imprisonment; every crime due to liquor, from petty larceny to murder, besides the vast array of expenses for poverty, insanity and disease, most of them traceable to alcoholism, would have to be borne by the entire county.

Today Michigan's forty-five dry counties must bear the expense of state institutions, the majority of whose inmates would not be a burden on the state if Michigan had not licensed saloons. Thus the small unit method always saddles a burden of "taxation without representation" upon the opponents of the saloon.

"The Peril of the Dry County—Home Rule is Rum Rule," might be the true name of the small unit amendment. Unless it is defeated, every dry county in Michigan will be in danger of a new fight to bring back saloons in townships and precincts. HENCE EVERY DRY COUNTY SHOULD ROUSE ITSELF TO THE ISSUE AND BACK THE STATE-WIDE MOVEMENT TO THE LAST INTRENCHMENT.

If it is adopted, the "fake home rule" amendment will abolish all present dry, local option laws and make the whole state again wet.

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FOR SALE.

House and three lots, or house and eight lots at 638 Woodlawn avenue. Owosso. Inquire L. J. Church, 203 Ridge street, Owosso. Small payment down balance on time.

Commissioners' Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Albert K. Giles, deceased.
We the undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate in and for the County of Shiawassee, State of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said estate, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the Owosso Savings bank, in the City of Owosso, in said County, on Tuesday the 7th day of November, A. D. 1916, and on Monday, the 8th day of January, A. D. 1917, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days, for the purpose of receiving and adjusting all claims against said estate and that four months from the 8th day of September, A. D. 1916, are allowed to creditors to present their claims to said commissioners for adjustment and allowance.
Dated the 5th day of September, A. D. 1916.
ASA D. WHIPPLE,
WORTHY S. COOPER,
Commissioners.

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Commissioners' Notice.

In the matter of the estate of John Luft, deceased.
We the undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate in and for the County of Shiawassee, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said estate do hereby give notice that we will meet at the office of Gustav F. Friegel, in the City of Owosso, in said County, on Tuesday, the 7th day of November, A. D. 1916 and on Monday, the 8th day of January, A. D. 1917 at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days for the purpose of receiving and adjusting all claims against said estate, and that four months from the 8th day of September, A. D. 1916 are allowed to creditors to present their claims to said Commissioners for adjustment and allowance.
Dated the 5th day of September, A. D. 1916.
FRANK E. FORSTER,
ARTHUR H. DUMOND,
Commissioners.

FARM FOR RENT OR SALE—2 miles south and one-half mile east of Ovid; 70 acres; good buildings; well tiled; must be right kind of farmer to rent it. Address U. H. Apple, Hyslop's grist mill, Ovid, Mich.

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Dept. 843
Boston, Mass.

Probate Order.

State of Michigan. The Probate Court for the County of Shiawassee.
At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate office, in the City of Corunna, on the 6th day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and sixteen.

Present, Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate
In the matter of the estate of Michael Cunningham, deceased.
The Administrator of said estate having rendered a supplemental account to this Court.

It is ordered, that the 2nd day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate office, be appointed for examining and allowing said account.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks, previous to the said day of hearing, in the Owosso Times, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Shiawassee.

M. J. THREW RUSH,
Judge of Probate.
By CLARISSA MACKIE, Attorney.

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THINGS TO FORGET.

